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PASQVILS Miſtreſſe:

Or THE WORTHIE AND vnworthie woman.

VVith his deſcription and paſſion of that *Furie, Iealouſie.*

(**)

¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are to be ſoulde at his ſhoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in *Fleetſtreete*. 1600.

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THE BEST MERIrieſt wit in true honeſt kindneſſe, *not king Humfrey, but Humfrey* King, God and a good wife make *a happie man in this world.*

* *
*

IVſtie *Humfrey*, honeſt wagge, hearing, of late, of your determination, to enter into the honourable courſe of kindneſſe (which, after many mad Roundes, will be the beſt daunce to continue with) hopeing that you are olde enough to knowe what is good for your ſelfe, and yet not ſo wilful in conceipt, but you will take aduiſement of your good friends; for the better inſtruction of your iudgement in this loues lawe-caſe, I haue thought good to ſet you downe ſuch notes worthy memory, as may giue you great light, in the beſt way to your comfort: where, finding the true deſcription of the worthy, and vnworthy woman, you may, by gods helpe, make a choyce worth the chuſing. *Paſquill* ſent them to me, and I to you;

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hoping, that if they be not as they ſhould be, you will blame him, and not me. So, wiſhing thine honeſt heart as good fortune as my ſelfe, and as much better as ſhall pleaſe God; if you light well, to be glad, but not proude of it; if otherwiſe, to be as patient as your poore friendes (hoping, that you wil finde a iewell worth the keeping, and droſſe but worth the diſcarding) I cõmit my booke to your kinde reading, & my loue to your like keeping: and ſo reſt

Your affectionate friende,
Salohcin Treboun.

To the Reader.

PASQVILL, as you haue heard, hauing had many madde humours in his heade, could neuer be at quiet in his heart, till he had eased his minde of his melâcholy: now of late, leauing boyes play to goe to coytes, to put toyes out of his heade, fell to studie of loue: which, finding out a Mistresse for his humour, put his wits to many good seruices, scarce worthie the reciting. But, in briefe, he was so graueled in the admiration of her perfections, that he look't so farre into her minde, as made him haue minde almost of nothing else; till, finding the varietie of her inclination, hee grewe out of loue with loue: his mistresse was but a dreame, and women were strange creatures: if they were as they should be, they were to hard to come by: if, as too many be, they were better lost than founde. And in this quandarie of quimeddledy, how now (according to the olde country Rounde, Take the best, and leaue the worst, and breake none of the pale) hee hath written his minde of all that came to his thought, hoping the best will be quiet, and the rest wil mende. And so, wishing euery man to take his fortune, as patiently as hee may, and to speake as well of him, as he list, he rests, after his olde fashion,

Pasquill.

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Pasquill, in general, to women.

YEE that are worthie of honour, I willingly giue it yee: yee that deserue ill, I will pray for yee, that God wil amend yee: but yee that are gratious, be not proud, least yee fall ere yee be aware: and yee that are too blame, be not desperate; God is mercifull: among yee all, let none be more pieuish than another, to take ill to her selfe. What is good take it, yee that deserue it: what is ill, I bequeath it to none at all: for, I knowe not her, whome particularly I will touch with imperfections. Some kinde of shadowes I dreamed of, that were like women, which when I awooke, I found nothing such. And therfore, hoping all women will deserue some good thought, or other, I will honour the best, & pray for the worst, and so rest.

Pasquill.

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PASQVILS MISTRESSE.

* *
*

NOt ſhee, that braues a picture for a face,
Nor ſhee whoſe waſte is little as a wand:
Nor ſhee whoſe eye can glance it with a grace,
Nor ſhee that hath a Spider fingred hand,
Nor ſhee that doth vpon her Tiptoes ſtand:
Nor ſhee that is with beauties droſſe bedight,
Is ſhe, of whom my Muſe doth meane to write.

For Beautie fadeth like a Morning flower,
And ſickneſſe windes the bodie ſoone awry:
And Pride is but the ſhadowe of a power,
Nor in a finger, doth all faireneſſe lie.
For when foote, hand, head, heart, and al muſt die,
And death hath made a Carcaſſe of a Creature,
What good do then the Ornaments of Nature?

No, no: there is an other kinde of thing,
Which in the heart doth grow, as ſome do geſſe,
That ſecretly doth through the ſpirit ſpring,
And heauenly powers eſpecially doe bleſſe:
Which as it growes, by meaſure, more or leſſe:
Doth beautifie the bodie where it growes,
As wit and reaſon, all in wonder ſhowes.

Which ſome do call the Quinteſſence of Nature:
Other ſet downe for reaſons gouernment:
And ſome do call the forme of honours feature:
And other ſome the ſpirits Inſtrument,
That giues each limme, & ſenſe, their ornament:
But all and ſome agree on this, I finde,
It is the wonder in a womans minde.

It is the Minde that giues the Maieſtie:
The pureſt beautie, is within the Minde.
It is the Minde that makes the dignitie,
It is the Minde that makes the Nature kinde,
And keepes the eye, that neuer can be blinde:
It is the Minde that guids both heart & head:
For kill the Minde, the body is but dead.

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And this ſame mind, that monarcheth the thought
Wherein it doth by inſpiration dwell,
By whom, the ground of euery grace is ſought,
The eye to ſee, eare heare, the tongue to tell,
How euery ſenſe may in it ſelfe excell,
This minde I ſay, the maieſtie of Nature,
Is onely it, that makes the perfect Creature.

This minde, the gift of the Supernall grace,
Deſcending from the life of Mercies loue,
Which in true muſique skorns to touch the Baſe,
But (in the height of honours beſt behooue)
Doth the true conſort of contentments prooue:
This minde is it, that in true happineſſe,
Doth onely make a womans worthineſſe.

For, let her be as faire as Curds and Creame,
Yet if her minde be made of Milke and Cheeſe,
Her water is but like a common ſtreame,
That in a puddle doth her honour leeſe.
A Waſpiſh minde is not for hony Bees:
While the true minde, where honour hath her height,
Can not deſcend into a baſe conceit.

And let her be a bagge of golde for wealth,
Yet, if withall ſhe beare a begger minde:
The gratious eye, that ſees the ſpirits health,
Knowes that the heart that is to hell enclinde,
In vertues heauen can neuer honour finde: (place,
While the true minde, where vertue hath her
Makes gold but droſſe, to purchaſe honors grace.

And let her be a very Ape for wit,
Yet, if ſhe be enclinde to Monkies toyes:
Vertue, that doth the heart to honour fit,
Findes it too full of follies fowle annoyes,
To ſeeke the Iewell of true Graces ioyes: (ſit,
While wiſdome ſhowes, that in the ſoule doth
There is no honour in an Apiſhe wit.

And let her be a Ladie for her honour,
Yet if ſhee be of an vngentle minde,
What heart of worth that will attend vpon her?
That can not grace true vertue in her kinde:
But like a Buzzard, let her beate the winde, (ued,
While the true minde that hath true honor pro-
Makes gratious kindneſſe worthily beloued.

Thus

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Thus, let her be, faire, wealthie, noble, wiſe:
Yet if theſe be not inly in the minde,
In the cleare iudgement of true wiſdomes eyes,
Shee is no Creature of an Angels kinde:
While ſhadowes do but Indiſcretion blinde.
No, tis the minde, that the true worth retaineth
That all by vertue, endleſſe honour gaineth.

For, if I may deſcribe a worthie woman,
Worthie of honour in the higheſt kinde
(Such, as but ſuch one, knowne to few, or no man)
But by the module of a heauenly minde,
If that mine eye be not conceited blinde, (forth
I will ſet downe how gratious thoughts bring
The perfect wonder of a womans worth.

If ſhee be faire without, gratious within,
Noble of birth, and in demeanour kinde:
Welthie in purſe, yet will with bounty winne
The worthy honour of a Noble minde:
Such a rare *Phœnix* in the world to finde,
And to be matched in her worth by no man,
May well deſcribe the wonder of a woman.

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But if her beautie be a common blaze,
To fire the heart of euery fooliſh head:
Or like a glaſſe, be euery woodcockes gaze,
By fond affectes to bring a foole to bed:
If ſuch ill humours haue the ſpirit fedde,
Where wiſdom wants to giue the minde a grace,
It makes a picture of a painted face.

And if ſhe be of Noble Parentage,
Yet tume her minde vnto a meaner ſtring:
And by the want of honours cariage,
Will grace a begger, and diſgrace a King,
And leaue a Larke to heare a Cuckoe ſing:
Vnfitly was that honours title giuen her, (her.
Whē a baſe minde hath to ſuch beggery driuen

And if ſhe be as rich as *Cræſus* was,
Yet if her minde be giuen to greedineſſe:
And doth for wealth more than for honour paſſe:
And thinkes no honour but in wealthineſſe:
In the true Rules of honours worthineſſe,
She is as farre from true Nobilitie,
As an olde Churle from true Gentilitie.

And

And if ſhe be as wiſe as wit can make her,
Yet if that wiſdome doe not guide her mind,
Such Apish humours will ſo ouertake her,
That oftentimes she will be wilfull blinde,
And looſe the worth that better wit might finde:
And then the wit that hath but ſolly proued,
Will make her little worthy to be loued.

Oh then, let vertue gouerne beauties eye,
And honours loue, a noble ſpirit Nurſe:
Let wiſdome, wit, to cares diſcretion tye,
And Bounty keepe the wealthy Ladies Purſe:
So in the bliſſe where neuer fell a curſe,
Perfections grace the ſpirit of that kinde,
That ſo can make a bodie of a minde.

For ſuch a bodie of a minde ſo framed,
Containes more worth then paſſion can expreſſe.
Which wonder, being in a woman named,
In honours title can deſerue no leſſe
Then Reaſons grace in Natures worthineſſe:
Which on the earth in any one well knowne,
Might make her only, by her ſelfe, alone.

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The Noble minde regards true Nobleneſſe,
And bends no eye vpon a baſe aſpect:
Reiecteth pride, rewardeth thankfulneſſe;
And vnto vertue hath a chiefe affect:
And is not of the ſubtill humour'd ſect:
But plainely ſees and markes,& loues the hart,
That onely ſeekes for honour by deſart.

It loues no creeping that doth ſmell of craft,
Where faire before doth hide the fowle behinde:
Nor is it pleaſed in a ſugred draft,
That fils the ſtomacke onely but with winde:
Nor loues a Falcon of a Buzzards kinde:
But like a *Phœnix* ſoaring in the Sunne,
Begins to liue when that her life is done.

It maketh patience kill each diſcontent,
And reaſon comforts in their kindes to meaſure:
It breedes the humour of the beſt intent, (ſure:
And tels the heart,what ſhould be her chiefe trea-
And but in heauen doth place the ſpirits pleaſure:
It liues on earth,but hath not heere her liuing,
While heauenly loue hath al her eſſẽce giuing.

What

What worth hath wonne the faireſt womēs fame?
But that which honor in the minde hath wrought:
And what hath wrought the trueſt honors frame?
But that which vertue in the minde hath taught:
To which the bodie is a thing of naught:
For in the minde the gratious ſpirit dwelleth,
That giues the groūd, wherin each ſēſe excelleth.

The gratious glorious Queene of womankinde,
The virgine *Marie*, mother of all Bliſſe,
What wonne her honour, but an humble minde?
That ſhewes the vaine where trueſt vertue is:
Leading the ſoule it cannot goe amiſſe:
But in perfection plainely hath approued,
The onely life that is of God beloued.

Venus was faire, but to *Diana*, fowle:
Minerua wiſe, till *Pallas* came in place:
But oh, to match an Eagle with an Owle,
A baggage ſpirit with an Angels face:
Honour can neuer yeelde to ſuch diſgrace.
No: vertues hand, that giueth honours crowne,
Wil ſtrike the thought of al diſhonour downe.

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Oh, the true noble beautie of the minde,
The hearts chiefe riches, and the spirits treasure,
That doth the soule to sacred seruice binde,
That only seekes in Paradise her pleasure,
Hath euen of heauen already made a seisure,
And shewes where vertue doth the wit refine,
It makes the creature to be knowne Diuine.

It makes the eye of beauty blesse true honour,
And honour grace the heart of humblenesse,
And wisdome make best wits to waite vpon her,
While wealth rewardeth seruice thankfulnesse:
And fils the minde so full of worthinesse,
As where such true perfections are approued,
Can not but be of heauen and earth beloued.

Penelope was constant in her loue:
Which to her beauty gaue a glorious grace:
Did not *Lucretia* as great honour proue,
Against *Tarquinius*, in a wofull case?
Oh, modest beautie hath a blessed face:
But faire and noble, constant, wise, and kind
Doe shewe an Angell in a womans minde.

Oh

Oh this ſame minde, a ſpirit of that power,
That ioyes in nothing but in doing good:
And will omit no meane, no place, nor hower,
That may bring in the height of honours flood,
Caries no falſhood, in too faire a hoode,
But, onely grieues at an vngratious Nature,
Doth in a woman make a worthy Creature.

Oh that ſame minde of true humilitie, (golde:
Doth gaine more grace, then mountain mines of
Where the true badge of true Nobilitie:
Doth ſhewe the honour that will euer hold,
While baggage humours will be bought & ſold:
Where beggers pride, the Towre of *Babilon*,
Will quickly fall vnto confuſion.

To ſhewe examples of our former times,
In true recording of thoſe worthy mindes,
That would but fill my paper vp with Rimes
Of commendations, in deſerued kindes,
Which wiſdomes iudgement in perfection finds,
It were too tedious: let thus much ſuffice,
To ſhewe the mind wherin true honour lies.

But, as in all things, contrarietie
Doth ſhew the difference twixt the good and bad:
And in all humours, the varietie
Shewes which deſerueth chiefeſt to be had: (ſad:
Which makes the minde moſt grieuous or moſt
So let me ſhewe the trueth of euery token,
That makes a woman, in her fame foreſpoken.

If that her eyes doe trowle like tennis balles,
Her tongue be alwaies licking of her lips:
Her heeles be ſo vpon the ſlippery falles,
They ſcarce haue power to carrie vp her hips:
If that ſhe tread awry among her trips:
Although her face be like an Angell painted,
Ho there alas, her credit will be tainted.

If that her tongue be like an Aſpen leafe,
Her haire vnkembed like a Cart-horſe taile:
Her fingers ends like to a threſhed ſheafe,
Her gate be like vnto a garden ſnaile:
While winter duſt hangs knotted at her faile,
And haue a minde to anſwere euery part,
She is a darling for the diuels dart.

If ſhe be baſely borne, and vilely bred,
Dogged in Nature, ſottiſh in conceite:
A Camels viſage and a beetle head,
And holde her noſe vp to a ſteeples height,
And yet can ſcarcely on a trencher waite:
Though ſhe be nointed with the Curriersoyle,
She will be counted but a filthie royle.

If ſhe make curtzy like *Maide Marian*,
And weare her linnen neuer ſo well ſlickt:
And be the flower of all the frying pan,
And haue her boſome with a Noſegaie ſtickt:
And in her tyre be neuer ſo betrickt:
And ſhall be married to the Bailifes ſonne:
She ſhal be but the wench, when all is done.

If she can aſke, what lacke you Gentleman,
And with good words make profit of her ware:
If she can turne the Kirtling in the pan,
And knowes both how to ſpend & how to ſpare,
And how to ſhift, to make a priuate share:
She may doe well, for one of her vocation:
But ther's the top of all her commendation.

If ſhee can flaunt it brauely at her doore,
And haue her Ruffes, cleere ſtarched and well ſet,
Her Stomacher beare out a yard before,
Her Motley cheekes with pure Vermilion wet,
And for a skoffe be found in no mans debt:
Yet, he that ſees her cloath, & knowes the woll,
Findes her a Gugin but to hang a Gull.

If ſhe can play vpon an Inſtrument,
And ſing, and turne the white vp of the eye:
And tell a tale of wantons merriment,
And fleere and flatter, laugh, and looke awry,
And make a ſhewe for very loue to die:
Yet may her minde be of ſo vile a making,
That ſcarce her body may be worth the taking.

But, if ſhe haue the gift to brawle and skolde,
To skowle, and frowne, to lowre, & hang the lip:
And be not paſt a hundreth winters olde,
And like a flower, that a froſt doth nip:
And goes no further than a flea can skippe:
How euer wicked wealth hath ouergon her,
He needs no other plague that lights vpon her.

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And, if ſhe knowe not how to make her readie,
Nor what to weare, nor how to ſpeake, nor looke:
But in her humours will be proud and heddy:
And neuer reade, but in a golden booke,
And will be caught but with the golden hooke:
Surely, I feare, her golde is all but droſſe,
And he that buies her, will but liue by loſſe.

And if ſhe be in her conceite ſo muddy,
She hath no minde, but of her home made cloath:
Or in her wicked humours be ſo bloudy,
She cares not how ſhe fils the diuels froath,
Nor how ſhe ſweare, nor how ſhe coyne an oath:
Oh ſuch an egge ſo full of helliſh euill,
Is euen a morſell fit to feede the diuell.

And ſhe that is into a beaſt transformed,
By all the humours of vnhumane Nature:
And by good counſaile, will not be reformed,
But is reſolu'd to be a wicked creature
(How euer like a woman be her feature)
Who euer hath to doe with her, ſhall finde
She is a woman of a wicked kinde.

Andshee that credits euery tale she heeres,
And tels her minde to euery idle eare:
And euery idle fiddling goſſippe cheeres,
That can but flatter, prate, and lye, and ſweare:
And now and then, let fall a fained teare:
Such a good goſſippe with her huſwifery,
Will quickly bring a man to beggery.

If she be fowle, ilfauor'd, and worſe fac't, (eyde:
Wry mouth'd, crooke legd, lame handed, & ſquint
And euery way ſo thoroughly diſgrac't,
As for a monſter might be made a bride:
Whoſe vgly face doth no ill feature hide:
If ſuch a creature may be worth the wooing,
Woe be to him that hath the deede in dooing.

But if she be but breaſted like a Cowe,
Neckt like a wilde gooſe, toothed like a dogge:
Lipt like a horſe, & ſnowted like a Sowe,
Breath'd like a Foxe, and ſprited like a logge,
And in effect, halfe ſifter to a hogge:
Yet thinke her penny is good currant mony,
Hard is his hap that takes her gall for hony.

But

But if that ſhe can ſimper like a Mare,
And like a Hobby horſe can holde her heade,
Prate like a Parrat, like an Owlet ſtare,
And ſleepe and ſnort before ſhe goe to bed,
And in her pocket haue a cruſt of breade,
And play the wanton on a wodden bench,
Who wold not caſt his gorge for ſuch a wēch?

Bnt if ſhee can ſaie yea, and no forſoothe,
And fie, and tuſhe, and how now, pray away:
And blowe her noſe, and picke a rotten tooth,
And weare her beſt cloathes on a holiday,
And skim the creame pot when her dam's away,
And make her ſpindle twiſt without a whirle,
Who would not ſpend his groat for ſuch a girle?

But if ſhe get the garland on the greene,
By truly treading of a *Morris daunce*:
Or in a wheat Cart, as ſhe ſits vnſeene,
Vnto her lubber can conuey a glaunce,
To bring a poore man in a pittious traunſe:
Who would not daunce vntill he could not ſtād,
That had ſo ſweete a pigeon by the hand.

If ſhe be ſluttiſh, pieuiſh, and vntoward,
Wilful, and wanton, lazie, curſt, and ſullen,
Franticke, and fooliſh, whineling, and froward,
And ſcarce can make a threed of ruſſet wollen,
But muſt be taught how to put vp her pullen:
To haue a wench well followed with ſuch fits,
Would make a poore man halte beſide his wits.

If that her eyes be bleer'd, and runne a water,
Her noſe hang dropping all the Summer long,
Her mouth doe ſlauer, and her teeth doe chatter,
Her breath be for the ſwiniſh noſe too ſtrong,
And ban, and curſing be her howrely ſong,
With ſuch a Beldame who is forc't to dwell,
Needes in this world to haue no other hell.

But, if ſhe doe but loue the nappy Ale,
And lye a bed vntill eleuen a clocke,
And ſecretly can ſet her ware to ſale,
For a redde Petticoat, or a Canuas Smocke,
Diue in a pocket, or can picke a locke,
And call her husband Raſcall, Foole, and Scab,
Neuer ſeeke further for a filthie Drabbe.

But

But if ſhe haue a filthy braſen face,
That will not bluſh, what euer weather fall,
Sweare, and ſpeake baudie, thinke of no diſgrace,
Play with all commers, cogge, and throwe at all,
And toſſe her kindneſſe like a Tennis ball:
In the true courſe of vices declaration,
She is the Nurſe of all abhomination.

If ſhe can ſmooth it with a Carde of ten,
And ſpeake no word, but truely, and indeede,
And ſeeme as though ſhe could abide no men,
And had no ioy, but holy bookes to reede,
Looke like a flower, and be a wicked weede,
And for her gaine can play the Paraſite,
She were a fit wife for an Hypocrite.

If ſhe be neither honeſt, faire, nor kinde,
Well fac't, wel bodied, handed, legg'd, nor footed,
Good hart, good thought, good nature nor good minde:
But in the poyſon of all rancour rooted,
And in the mire vp to the knees be booted:
Such a ſtrãge monſter, fit to match with no mã,
I thinke twere pittie ſhould be cald a woman.

But, if ſhee can vſe cunning words of Art,
To make her copper ſeeme good currant coyne:
And weepe, & ſweare her loue is from the heart,
And with an humour iumpe, and Iſſue ioyne,
And finely ſo can giue a foole the foine:
Though ſhe her matters carry nere ſo cleane,
She ſhall be but a conny-catching queane.

But, if ſhe be a foole that can not ſpeake,
But only bluſh, and looke the tother way:
And will alone into a corner ſneake,
Becauſe, alas, ſhe knowes not what to ſay,
But loues with children, & with fooles to play:
Such a ſweete Parnell, if a man were mad,
Might thinke himſelfe halfe happie if he had.

But, if ſhe can but picke her fingers ends,
And pare her nailes, and waſh, & wipe her hands:
Runne to the Faire, be merry with her friends,
And tell her mother how the market ſtands,
And picke the ſheaues, whoeuer make the bands:
Such an odde Mawkin were a miſtreſſe fit,
To make a rich man with the begger ſit.

But,

But, if ſhe can both ſeawe, and knit and ſpinne,
Seawe ſlight, knit falſe, and ſpin a rau'led threede,
And cunningly can play *Ioane Siluer pinne*,
With idle humours, how a foole to feede,
If ſuch a leſſon ſhe can kindly reede,
She and a Tinker, in a market towne,
Would helpe to coſen many a ſilly clowne.

But, if ſhe can be quiet, and content,
Speake faire, make curtſie, feare for to offend:
And looke as ſober as a Iacke of Lent,
What is amiſſe, be carefull to amend,
And bring diſtempers to a quiet end:
Oh ſuch a wench would be a member fit,
To coſen twenty thouſand with her wit.

But, if ſhe haue no patience in her paſſions,
No ſettled humour, but all in ſelfe wil,
No pleaſing fanſie, but in prooving faſhions,
Nor for her meale, goe further than the Mill,
And cares not whether it be good or ill:
Such a vile baggage, were a purgatory,
To ſinke a very ſoule in miſery.

She that is giuen but to all wickedneſſe,
And loues to liue but all in wantonneſſe,
And will be ledde but all by wilfulneſſe,
And ſpend her yeares but all in wretchedneſſe,
Not caring how to ende in wofulneſſe:
Such a fowle fiend is fit in filthineſſe,
To match the diuell in his helliſhneſſe.

She that can looke a head, and ſtroake a beard,
And picke a moath, and finely ſet a ruffe,
And make her ſelfe of euery flie afeard,
And ſeeme to take all idle wordes in ſnuffe,
And weare no cloath but of the pureſt ſtuffe,
And make her Coll a Nightcap for the cough,
God helpe the man: for ſhe is well enough.

She that can haue her breakefaſt in her bed,
And ſit at dinner like a maiden Bride,
And all the morning learne to dreſſe her head,
And after dinner, how her eye to guide,
To ſhewe her ſelfe to be the childe of pride,
God, in his mercy, may do much to ſaue her:
But what a caſe were he in that ſhould haue her!

She that will ride but on an ambling Nagge,
And trauell not aboue a mile an howre,
Will not be pleased but with the golden bagge,
And haue her coyne come raining like a showre,
And giue an Angell for a Gilliflowre:
That is a wench, that if she had a spring,
Would make a begger, that were halfe a King.

She that can walke the by-lanes and the Allies,
And make close matches twixt yõg lads & wẽches
And from the mountaines can suruey the vallies,
And lay such Ambuscadoes in her trenches,
That she will make her profit of her benches:
Such an odde whiffler swears that she wil thriue,
As long as she can finde one man aliue.

But if she will be cosened with faire speech,
And think all golde that makes a glistring show,
And doth mistake a blacke thorne for a Beech,
Because she doth no better timber knowe,
If heedelesse will doe feele a helpelesse woe,
What saies the wag that got the wẽch with child?
Had she beene wise, she had not beene beguilde.

She that can neither boyle, nor bake, nor brue,
Nor rarely well conceited for her wit:
Nor scarcely honest, nor was euer true,
But euery way, an idle headed Tit,
Yet thinkes her selfe for a good husband fit:
Oh, how accursed was that creature borne,
That tooke that wench, to dub him with a horn!

But, hoping there is no such kinde of woman,
But twas a dreame of some mistaken creatures,
That women will be curst, nor false to no man,
But of good humours, & of better Natures,
And haue their fancies fitting to their features,
I will describe those gratious womens liues,
That make good husbãds happy, in their wiues.

She that is faire, and wise, curteous and kinde:
Patient to beare the crosses of conceite,
Of Nature milde, and of an humble minde,
Constant in loue, and free from all deceit,
And will the time of her content awaite:
Such a true virgine, to become a wife,
Will make a man to knowe a happie life.

She

She that is carefull ouer that ſhe hath,
Painfull in that ſhe wiſely vndertaketh,
And will not tread out of diſcretions path,
But all fond idle thriftleſſe waies forſaketh,
That to the leaſt of her diſhonour maketh,
She, that is knowne to haue this kinde of cariage,
Will make a man halfe happie in her mariage.

She that doth loue to keepe within her houſe,
And to the doore can haue a watchfull eye:
She in her heade that will not leaue a louſe,
Nor in her heart a thought to goe awry,
From the true courſe of vertues conſtancy,
And keeps the honor of her husbãds bedding,
Doth make a man twiſe happy in her wedding.

She that doth goe to Church but for deuotion,
And feareth God, and loues his word in deede,
And in her heart will harbour no ill motion,
That may her fancie with corruption feede,
And in her garden will abide no weede:
She, to that man, that on her vertue ſtaies,
Gines a prolonging of his happie daies.

She that forbeares to talke with euery Tit,
And will not bend her eare to euery tale,
And will employ the spirit of her wit,
In keeping passions in true patience pale,
And for a Nut will not mistake a shale:
But shun all sly conceits that may beset her,
Wil make his life thrice happy that can get her.

She that can truely iudge twixt good and ill,
And paints her face, but with a Maiden blush,
And to the best doth euer bend her will, (crush,
And cramp all thoughts that would true honour
And make her soule vnto her minde a brush,
And loues entirely, where she takes affection,
Makes mans life happie in his loues direction.

She that is Nobly borne, and Princely bredde,
Heauenly enclin'd, and holily disposed,
A *Sarahs* spirit, and a *Iudiths* head,
And haue her comforts in that care encloſed,
That haue their rest in vertue all repoſed:
Such an Angelicall Creature in a wife,
Might make a king to knowe a happie life.

She

She that doth rather loue to heare than ſpeake,
And rather ſtriues to vnderſtand than teach,
And neuer will the bands of honour breake,
Nor euer ſeeke to clime aboue her reach,
Nor in her thoughts let folly make a breach:
Such a wiſe wench, in true wits wealthineſſe,
Will make a man finde his lifes happineſſe.

Shee that will rather a defect amend,
Then to defend, or any way excuſe,
Nor coine a lie, nor an vntrueth defend,
Nor from a friend a good aduiſe refuſe,
Nor the true honour of her loue abuſe,
Nor hath that blame, that worthily may blot her
Makes the man happy, for a wife hath got her.

She that will weare according to her calling,
Such decent garments as ſhe may maintaine,
And will not in her husbands eare be bawling,
To feede her humour with an idle vaine,
And make his purſe beyond his penny ſtraine:
Such a kinde wench, that ſo her will doth cary,
Doth make him happy that doth liue to marry.

She that can goe to market for her meate,
And not stay twatling there with good wife Twat,
Come home and dresse it, and can kindly eate
That which God sendes, and be content with that,
And take the leane together with the fat,
Know when to be a spender, when a sauer, (her.
Wil make a poore man happy that could haue

She that doth weare but her owne proper heare,
And hath no beautie, but of Natures blisse,
Can not commaund a kinde of fained teare,
But when iust cause of hearty sorrowe is,
And rich, or poore, will neuer runne amisse:
Such a true wench, to make a happie wife,
Would make a man to leade a blessed life.

She, that doth beare the eye of modestie,
The face of grace, minde of humilitie,
The tongue of trueth, the heart of honesty,
The parentage of true Gentilitie,
In the true notes of true Nobilitie,
In my conceit, would surely prooue a wife,
To make a Lord, to lead a happie life.

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She that is full of liberalitie,
And to the begger neuer shuts her doore,
And loues to keepe good hospitalitie,
And hath delight for to relieue the poore,
Yet hath a care for to enrich her store,
Doth make a man a very happie Creature,
That marries with a wench of such a Nature.

She that doth hate to brabble, brawle and scolde,
To sweare, and lie, and talke of *Robin Hood*:
And will no longer any question holde,
Then while she wel may make her iudgemẽt good
To prooue that shee her selfe hath vnderstood:
Such a rare wench, for a well gouernd wit,
Wold make him happy that were matcht with it.

She that is free from infamies deface,
Wealthie in lands, her Cophers full of golde,
Her minde of vertue, and her heart of grace,
And doth no honour but in vertue holde,
That true sweete Ladie be she young or olde,
Will make that man to leade a happie life,
That knowes what makes man happy in a wife.

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Shee that is miſtreſſe of her owne affection,
And vnto reaſon hath ſubdued her will,
And will not harken vnto imperfection,
To leaue the good to entertaine the ill:
In the true rules of my experience skill,
I thinke that woman where ſhe is a wife,
Doth make a man to know a happy life.

Shee that in wealth and wo, sicknes, and health,
Is all alike vnto her ſetled loue,
And in the world doth count her chiefeſt wealth,
But in the life but of her turtle doue,
And ſeekes on earth no other heauens to proue:
In my conceit, who had her to a wife,
Had no ſmall means to make a happy life.

She that is wholly giuen to godlyneſſe,
And hates to leade the life of wantonneſſe,
And hath true patience in vnhappineſſe,
And onely ſeekes the ſpirits wealthineſſe,
In the true weight of honours worthineſſe:
If that a man were in hearts heauineſſe,
With ſuch a wife might liue in bleſſedneſſe.

Now

Now, hoping that (although the birde be rare)
The *Phœnix* in a woman may be found,
And doubting not, but many women are
Of their good husbands happinesse the ground,
I wish the wise a womans worth to sound,
And deerely loue her for that worthinesse,
That makes a man to liue in happinesse.

But, if that Youth for wealth wil match with Age,
And witlesse age, will dote on wanton Youth,
If discontent doe growe to rancors rage,
When hollow hearts do hammer with vntruthe,
If ruine then be subiect vnto ruthe,
What shall I say? but sobbe for such a woing,
Where kindnesse hath no cõfort in the doing.

Make then thy choyce, not all alone by chaunce,
Let reason guide thine eye, honour thy minde,
Vertue thy heart, and so thy thought aduance,
That wisdomes care may happie comfort finde:
That if that fortune fall to be vnkinde,
Yet heauenly loue, that doth the life reioyce,
Will make thee happie in a heauenly choyce.

If thou canſt get thee wealth, then doe not want:
But chiefely take good heed thou want not grace.
For gratious ſpirits in the world are skant:
And conſcience liues in ſuch a pittious caſe,
That faith on earth can hardly ſhewe her face:
And ſimple loue alas, without ſome liuing,
Is like a preſent hardly worth the giuing.

And therefore leauing each one to their lot,
To like, to loue, and liue as likes them beſt,
To keepe their choyce, or if it like them not,
When as they feele their ſpirits moſt oppreſt,
To vſe their beſt diſcretion for their Reſt,
I wiſh good husbands all to haue good wiues,
And all good louing wenches all good liues.

So hoping that the beſt will be content
To know the worſt muſt haue a time to mend:
Who haue bin ill may haue a good intent,
To bring bad humours to a better end,
Vnto your kindneſſe kindly I commend
Paſquils mad humour, to deſcribe a woman,
Fit to be lou'd of all, or lik't of no man.

FINIS.

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PASQVIL'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS Miſtreſſe, with a paſſion vpon the *Ielouſie of her match.*

* *
*

MY ſweete Muſe beholde a creature,
Of the world the ſweeteſt feature,
Garniſht with thoſe inward graces,
That adorne the faireſt faces:
Which deſcribed in their eſſence,
Shew the earth a heauenly preſence.

Haires, no haires, but golden wires,
Binding life in loues deſires:
Eyes no eyes, but ſtarry glories,
Reaſons ſtates, and honours ſtories:
Cheekes enchaining hearts beholding,
Lippes maintaining loues vnfolding.

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Paſquils deſcription

Necke, no necke, but alablaſter,
Natures miſtreſſe, Reaſons maſter:
Breaſts, not breaſts, but beauties mountains,
Of *Minerua's* milke the fountaines:
Armes embracing loues deſeruing:
Hands vnlacing loues preſeruing.

Belly, no, but *Venus* bedding,
All too faire for *Vulcans* wedding,
Nauell, not, but Natures ſignet,
All the graces grau'n within it:
For the ſecret ſweete of reaſon,
Careful thoughts muſt ſpeak no treaſon.

Thighes, no thighes, but beauties pillers,
Made for beauties beſt welwillers:
Knees, not knees, but *Pallas* bending,
While *Diana* was commending:
Legs, no legs, but honours paſſage,
To the life of louers meſſage.

Feete

Feete, no feete, but fauours ſtaying,
Where no fauours are decaying:
Toes, not toes, but each a token
Of more trueth, then may be ſpoken:
That in all, for much perfection,
Natures draught by loues direction.

This faire creature, wonder-woman,
Seene to few, and knowne to no man,
By thoſe heauenly powers created,
That haue helliſh humours hated,
While the Angels all were ſleeping,
Fell to curſed creatures keeping.

Curſed creatures, carnall diuels,
Hates of good, and grounds of euils,
Wronging vertue, killing reaſon,
Vowing trueth, but working treaſon:
Theſe, oh theſe, by loues illuſion,
Wrought the courſe of my confuſion.

Hatefull courſe in heart concealed:
But, by hell to be reuealed:
In wich briefely is contained,
Neuer eaſed, euer pained:
In which cruell cares tormented,
Liues my comfort diſcontented.

Pittie weepes to ſee this wonder,
Loue and vertue liue aſunder,
Honour ſigheth without ceaſing
To beholde this hell increaſing,
And the heart of loue is dying,
While he heares his darling crying.

Oh how is the ſoule agrieued,
Where no ſorrowes are relieued,
And where croſſes are ſo many,
Nor the comforts can be any!
Thinke if this be hell miſtaken,
So of heauenly hopes forſaken.

But

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But,oh wicked wretched fre nzy,
That haſt ſo corrupted fancy,
Helpleſſe,hopeleſſe,matchleſſe,ſhameleſſe,
Doſt thou thinke thouſhalt be nameleſſe?
No: the world ſhall knowe thine euill:
Ielouzie,thou art the diuell.

This is that ſame inward treaſon,
That hath ſo confounded reaſon:
This is that ſame helliſh humour,
Fils the world ſo full of rumour:
This is it that kils the louer,
That he neuer can recouer.

This is that ſame helliſh fiende,
That was neuer vertues friend:
This is that ſame fooliſh blindneſſe,
That confoundeth louers kindneſſe:
This is it, by proofe of many,
Neuer yet did good to any.

Then, on thee, and thy poſſeſſor,
Wilfull follies plaine profeſſor,
(That haſt ſo my miſtreſſe wronged,
And her helpleſſe woes prolonged)
Fall the curſe of loues confuſion,
By the death of loues illuſion.

A deſcription of Feloufie.

VVIthin the hart ther breeds a kind of thought
Begotten (as ſome geſſe it) by the eye:
But, I doe rather thinke it to be wrought,
By a blinde ſight that euer lookes awry,
And only feedes but of a Lunacy:
Which being gotten kindly in the head,
Workes a weake wit, to bring a foole to bed.

It thinks it knowes not what, nor how, nor why:
But once perſwaded, twill not be remooued,
Cares for no trueth, belieueth euery lye,
That hath apparance, though it be not prooued,
Loues but in feare, and feares it is not loued,
Frets, chafes, and grieues, and neuer is at reſt:
Becauſe the worſt doth euer doubt the beſt.

It workes,and watches,pries,and peeres about,
Takes counſell, ſtaies;yet goes on with intent,
Bringes in one humour,puts another out,
And findes out nothing but all diſcontent,
And keepes the ſpirit ſtill ſo paſſion-rent,
That in the world,if that there be a hell,
Aske, but in loue,what ielouſie can tell.

It would haue more then all it doth poſſeſſe,
And turnes content vnto a croſſe conceite,
It brings diſcretion but into diſtreſſe,
Where feare doth onely but on folly waite,
While doubts do only dwell vpon deceite:
It doth abuſe the wit,diſtract the minde,
And knows not what to ſeeke,nor how to finde.

It doth amaze the eye,enchaunt the eare,
And wholie kils the ſtomackes appetite:
With ſpightfull thoughts it doth the ſpirit teare,
And keepes poore patience in a pitious plight,
While darke ſuſpicion makes the day a night:
It is,in ſumme,a very helliſh fiende,
That neuer yet was loue,nor beauties friend.

It is a plague, that Nature was ordained,
In beauties eie, to wounde the heart of loue,
An inward poyſon, that hath throughly vain'd
The hapleſſe wit, that workes for wils behoue,
To make a Iacke Dawe of a turtle Doue,
Where beſt contentmẽts are too much abuſed,
While wilfull follies can not be excuſed.

It is the death of ioy, twixt man and wife,
Where loue is too much loaden with miſtruſt:
It makes the maide to feare the married life,
Leaſt firmeſt faith ſhould fall to be vniuſt:
It beats the braine and grindes the wit to duſt,
It makes the wife a foole, the wealthie poore,
And her that wold kepe houſe, to ope the dore.

Oh, tis a childe of an vnhappie choyce,
Nurſt by the milke of an ilfauour'd beaſt:
Which neuer ſuffers reaſon to reioyce,
But keepes the heart within an Hornets neaſt,
Which nought but venome bring into the breaſt:
It is, in ſumme, a kinde of ſecret ill,
That neuer yet did good, nor euer will.

How

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How it hath handled many a hapleſſe heart,
Let them deſcribe it, that do better knowe it:
But how it workes the ſowles continuall ſmart,
He that is able, let him truely ſhowe it,
Or ſeeke by all meanes how he may forgoe it:
But for my ſelfe, I ſay no more but this,
God bleſſe me from it, and my miſteris.

And ſuch as will be madde, let them be ſo.
Who cannot iudge of good, conceiue it ill.
He, that will take a finger for a toe,
Muſt either blame his wit, or elſe his will,
That knowes his folly, and will be ſo ſtill.
Who will be ledde but onely by illuſion,
Muſt be content to fall vpon confuſion.

And thus my friend, what ſo thou be that readeſt
Theſe fewe inuectiue lines of Ielouſie
(Hoping that thou thy fancie better feedeſt,
Then with the aſpen leaues of Lunacy,
Whoſe iuyce giues nothing, but inconſtancie)
I wiſh thy loue more kindly to be borne,
Or for thy iealous head, a huge great horne.

What? art thou angry? are thy ribbes ſo gald,
They cannot bide the chinking of a ſpurre?
Be ſtill a while: and be not ſo appald:
A thouſand gownes are furd with Cony furre:
Euery one's not dead, that hath the Murre:
Louers may looke, and laugh, and happ'ly like:
But many a one may frowne, that wil not ſtrike.

Becauſe her eye is faire, ſhall thine be fowle?
Becauſe that ſhe is wiſe, wilt thou be fond?
Becauſe that ſhee doth ſmile, muſt thou needs
Becauſe that ſhe is free, wilt thou be bõd? (scoule?
Oh, make not ſo a puddle of a pond:
Be pleaſ'd to thinke of euery thing the beſt.
For, Ielouſie is but an idle ieſt.

Miſtruſt doth argue but a miſconceit:
Suſpicion, ſomewhat in thy ſelfe amiſſe;
Doubt, but a dreaming only on deceite:
Feare, but a curſe, where neuer fell a bliſſe,
Tuſh, ſmile, and laugh, embrace, and coll & kiſſe,
And thou ſhalt liue as merry as a cricket,
While Iealouſie ſhall ſtand without the wicket.

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